

Endearments

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Summary: The plot bunny that just refused to be murdered and insisted on being penned down. Ottra fluff fic. Sliiiiightly OOC. Cover pic not related to story whatsoever. ...Laura is just too determined not to fail.

Endearments

**Sooooo hi~ **

**It's been a really, really long while since I've updated. And this update technically isn't even mine- oops. All credit goes to (King) Nerp and a girl who really, really _really _needs to get her own ffnet account because she needs one to explode all her ideas across the internet. **

All apologies if Otto (heck maybe everyone) is really OOC [cough] but enjoy~ because it's sweet and sappy and cheesy and wraps you in a warm hug.

Reviews welcome, darlings

* * *

><p>"Hey Laura. Check this out." With a flick of her ponytail, Shelby turned to Wing and smiled, calling his name, her voice drenched in sweetness.<p>

He looked up and his lips slowly formed a smile. "Hey beautiful."

She giggled as she turned back to a not-very-amused Laura. "Isn't it adorable? We've been going out for so long and I still don't think I'll ever get used to it."

Laura rolled her eyes at the faint color staining her friend's

cheeks.

"You try," she urged, smirking at the redhead, her blue irises proposing a challenge.

(Unfortunately, Laura liked challenges.)

Laura smiled at her boyfriend, albeit without as much eyelash batting as Shelby had done. "Hey Otto."

Her face lit up as he smiled at her. "Hey Laura."

She couldn't help feeling deflated, as Shelby consoled her (but Laura could tell she was obviously trying not to burst into laughter).

"Maybe next time," she said, struggling to hold in her giggles.

Laura, being well- _Laura_, refused to give up.

* * *

><p>"Hey handsome!"<p>

"Hey Laura."

* * *

><p>"Good morning darling."<p>

"Morning Laura."

* * *

><p>Shel's only excuse after a week of such awkward exchanges was maybe that Otto was one of those boys who disliked more commonplace endearments. Like her given name. Because that was so very obviously a type of endearment.<p>

Laura, desperate enough just to prove to Shelby that _she would not fail_, started trying out nicknames so mortifying she almost choked herself from forcing them to leave her lips. "Morning sugarplum."

This earned her a rather strange look, but not without: "Morning Laura."

* * *

><p>"Hello sweetiepie!"<p>

Another odd look. "Hello Laura."

* * *

><p>"Goodnight sugarwugar."<p>

"Um... Good evening, Laura."

* * *

><p>"Hey there sexybuns!"<p>

"Laura?"

* * *

><p>"Hey hotstuff!"<p>

"â€|hey?"

* * *

><p>At last after a few torturous weeks of increasingly revolting endearments Otto addressed the issue with much concern. "Laura? Is something wrong?"<p>

She glanced at him, green eyes glossy from tears threatening to spill and he rushed to wrap her in his arms. "Do you love me, Otto?"

"Well of course. You should know that."

"Then why do you only ever call me Laura? It sounds so formal and emotionless! Wing calls Shelby 'beautiful' and 'sweetheart' and 'dearest'. And I know it's really, really stupid of me to mind because it's so small and insignificant in the course of one's daily life... but why can't you bring yourself to call me anything other than plain old Laura?" She managed to hold in her tears but just barely, her lower lip actually trembling when she saw Otto's incredulous look. "Forget I ever said anything," she sniffled.

Otto kissed her forehead. "I guess I could call you 'love' or 'honey' or something but why would I, when I can call you Laura? It's the most beautiful word I can think of to call you. It's the most beautiful word to me ever actually. In fact, I savor the feel of your name on my tongue each time I say it because it's such a privilege to be allowed to."

There was a pregnant silence, her face buried in his shirt and his nimble fingers in her soft hair. "Otto?" she mumbled at last.

"Hmm?"

"You can keep calling me Laura."

Otto smiled to himself as he kissed the top of her head. "Alright Laura."

Take that, Shel.

End
file.